

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction

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THE MIRROR OF LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

Vol. XIV, No. 397.] *Saturday, November 7, 1829.* [Price 2d.

* * * * *

Burleigh, Northamptonshire.

[Illustration]

The above is a view of the grand screen and entrance lodges to Burleigh, or Burghley, the seat of the Cecil family, and now the property of the Marquess of Exeter. The house and principal part of the demesne, are within the parish of Stamford St. Martin, in the church of which are some costly monuments to several eminent persons of the Cecil family; and this estate gave title to William Cecil, Baron Burleigh, in 1570. The park was formed, and the mansion, which is one of the most splendid in the kingdom, was mostly built by the great Lord Treasurer, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and the following inscription, over one of the entrances, within a central court, records the era of this work:—"W. Dom. De BVRGHLEY, 1577." Beneath the turret is the date of 1585, when some grand additions were made to the mansion; and the above Grand Entrance, towards the north, appears to have been added in 1587. Since these dates, several material alterations and additions have been made by subsequent possessors; and the whole, as a building, with its vast and varied collection of works of art, is one of the most magnificent show-houses in England. The spacious and finely wooded park and large lake are also very fine. The house surrounds a square court, to the east of which is the great hall, kitchen, various domestic offices, with spacious stables, coach-houses, &c. —all indicative of the splendid hospitalities of the Elizabethan age and old English character. The south front commands a fine sloping lawn, with a broad sheet of water, formed by Brown, together with some interesting park-scenery; the western side has nearly the same views, with the advantage of distant objects in Rutlandshire, Lincolnshire, and the spires of Stamford. From the north front the ground gradually slopes to the river Welland. A complete list of the pictures and valuable curiosities of Burleigh will be found in a Guide published by the ingenious Mr. Drakard, bookseller, of Stamford, as well as in that gentleman's excellent *History of Stamford*.

About two miles west of Burleigh, are the ruins of Wothorp, or Worthorp House. According to Camden, a mansion of considerable size was erected here by Thomas Cecil, the first Earl of Burleigh, who jocularly said, "he built it only to retire to out of the dust, while his great house at Burleigh was sweeping." After the Restoration the Duke of Buckingham resided here for some years.

* * * * *



THE LION'S ROAR.

(For the Mirror.)

Sad is my grief, and violent my rage,
Furious I knock my head against the rail,
That damns me to this miserable cage;
Fierce as a Jack Tar with his well chew'd tail,
I dash my spittle on the ground, and roar
Loud as the trump to bid us be no more.

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I am the doughty, the illustrious beast,
Called Leo, father of the Panther young,
Tho' last begotten, not belov'd the least,
You all know I have a roast beef tongue:
Then, hear my John Bull clamour, hear my shout!
Why, why the d——, roust we all tarn out?

Did I not keep a beef-eater below
To show the ladies to my monarch cave?
I kept a constant levee day of show,
And seldom monarchs so polite behave!
You paid far less for seeing me, I ken,
Than *portorage* for seeing noble men.

Did I not eat my supper in your presence.
And gnaw the beef bone with a greedy tusk?
Did you not shudder at the marrow's essence,
Not quite so beautiful or sweet as musk?
Did I not ope my lion fauces wider
Than is the difference 'twixt Moore and Ryder?

Then, why the d——?—I'm obliged to swear!
Must we turn out, to grace the monarch's mews,
From the thronged Strand which seemed our native air,
And, where as thick as piety in pews,
We growl'd within our dens, nor hop'd to change,
Nor wish'd, Instead of Exeter, a change.

Sweet lovely corner, neighb'ring the Lyceum,
Lord of whose showy board I used to crow.
Frighting my brethren when folks came to see 'em,
Or cutlery of Mr. Clarke below;
I mourn thee in the King's Mews, Mr. Cross
Get Mr. Southey's muse to sing my loss.

Yes, I am chang'd, like shillings from the Mint
Sent forth to find another one's protection!
Chang'd as palaver which the members print
And do not follow after their election!
Ah! Mr. Cross, your gratitude is low,
You might have ask'd me where I wish'd to go.

Since we have turn'd out, like a minister
Whose day of residence on loaves and fishes,



Finding himself unable to defer,
He offers up, as if 'twere to his wishes;
Listen, tho' lately coming, to my moan,
And then I'll tell you where we *should* have gone.

The Monkeys should have dwelt in the Arcade,
And join'd their fellows, and their brethren Ape
Sat in the shop where clothes are ready made,
To show how elegant they fit the shape!
The Bears gone westward also, ne'er to range
The city, lest they got upon the Change.

The Tigers, with their talons might have got
A place as blood letters to Dr. Brooks!
The Ounces found themselves a cosy spot
In a confectioner's or pastrycook's,
And yet I question howsoe'er they bake,
That *sixteen ounces* make not a *pound-cake*.

And, O, you Elephant!—I beg your pardon!
Dead Chune! listen to my grave petition,
And take your ivory to Covent Garden;
That they may furnish me a free admission,
And you, you Lynx, you ought to out, and sally
The Winter Theatres, or dark blind alley.



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The lovely Zebra, Asia's painted ass,
'Stead of a den, and bed of straw possessor,
Down to old Cambridge should have had a pass,
To fill the office of some wise professor;
Then, had he shown each antiquated quiz,
His Zebra auricles were long as his.

Thus had we all obtained a proper station,
'Twere in one day of happiness to cruise.
And I had never written my vexation
At being palac'd in the Royal Mews.
The reason for which conduct I'm at loss,
O, Mr. Cross, 'tay'nt you, but I am cross.

I really thought thou had'st been much genteeler,
Polite-o was thy grandfather, remember
Thou wert a Merchant Tailor, and a stealer
To school in younger days, in cold December,
Then did thy fingers, shiv'ring like a Russ,
Make thee to feel—thou could'st not feel for us.

At Charing Cross, the Golden Cross is thine
No longer; why, then hurry us so near it,
We do not in the little tap-room dine,
Where Greenwich cads and Walworth jarvies beer it,
This Mews is cold to the Exchange's glow,
Belle Sauvage Cross, thou'rt *beau sauvage*, I trow.

My usage is the best, I don't deny,
Thou'st fee'd the keeper, and he likes to feed us,
But, then the situation I decry,
But crying's useless—who the deuce will heed us?
Then, reader would you listen to my wail,
Come, and but see me, "I'll unfold my tail."

P.T.

* * * * *

CALCULATING CHILD.

(Translated from the last number of the *Revue Encyclopedique*. By a Correspondent.)

(For the *Mirror*.)

A boy, seven years of age, whose name is Vincent Zuccaro, has excited the public attention at Palermo for some time past. This child, born of poor and uneducated parents, possesses an extraordinary talent for calculation; his mind seizes, as it were, by instinct, all the varied combinations of numbers, which he unravels with equal facility. The various reports which had been spread throughout the city, respecting his talents, appeared so incredible, that a public meeting of literary men was expressly convened, for the purpose of examining his pretensions. The meeting was held on the 30th of January last, at the Academy *Del Buon Gusto*, and consisted of upwards of four hundred persons, among whom were observed some of the most distinguished literati and influential persons of the city. Two Professors of Mathematics were stationed near the child, to prevent collusion or fraud, and to take minutes of the questions proposed, with the answers returned. A great number of questions were proposed, which Vincent Zuccaro answered with a facility that excited general admiration. We shall only extract two of the most simple, as some of the questions would be hardly intelligible to general readers:

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Question 1.—A ship set sail at noon from Naples to Palermo (the distance between the two cities being 180 miles), and sailed at the rate of ten miles an hour; another ship set off at the same time, to sail from Palermo to Naples, at the rate of seven miles per hour: at what time did the ships meet each other, and what was the distance sailed by each? Vincent Zuccaro immediately replied—The first ship sailed $105\frac{15}{17}$ miles; the second, $74\frac{2}{17}$ miles. It was then observed to him, that he had only answered part of the question, and that the hour of meeting had been omitted. He then said this would be $10\frac{10}{17}$ hours after the time of the departure. The child had perceived that this part of the answer was implicitly contained in the former; which he also imagined the examiners perceived as well as himself, and therefore he omitted it.

Question 2.—In three successive attacks upon a town, a quarter of the assailants perished in the first attack, a fifth in the second, and a sixth in the last, when their number was reduced to 138 men. Required the original number? Answer, 360.

Q.—How did you find that number?

A.—If the number had been 60, there would eventually have remained 23; now 23 being the sixth of 138, the assailants were 6 times 60 or 360 at first.

Q.—Why did you suppose the number 60, rather than 50 or 70?

A.—Because neither 50 nor 70 are divisible by 4 or 6.

From these questions and replies, it will be readily understood that the child does not employ the ordinary artifices of mathematicians. Marquess Scriso, who was the first person to discover this singular talent, is about, with several other persons of distinction in the city, to solicit the aid of Government in the education of the child, every one being fully aware of the impropriety of subjecting him to the ordinary mode of education.

* * * * *

“OUT OF SEASON,” OR THE BEAU’S LAMENT.

(*For the Mirror.*)

“There is no labour so great as idleness.”

Heigho! what a blank is our being! ahi!
For there’s nobody left in the town,
That’s nobody fit to associate with *me*;
Dinner’s up, but my spirits are down,
I can’t eat or drink (how should I?) for sorrow,
And the lack of some usual treat,

And I surely should hang me, or marry tomorrow,
Were there not a few *bawls* in the street.

Hang! marry! said I, why I'm now *drown'd* in tears,
Who am wont in *sham pain* to lose real;
And could pull my own house down, about my own ears
For lack of amusements ideal;
But plays, concerts, shopping, Di'ramas so bright,
That enlarge the pent mind at a view,
Are fled with my friends; I'm the wretchedest *wight*
That from devil *ennui*, e'er look'd *blue*!

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O horrible! horrible *world!* there's not e'en
An old maid in't, to ask me to tea;
Not fit, or in country or town, to *be* seen,
They have hurried off, blindly *to see!*
Parks, houses, clubs, shops, churches, squares, *deserts* seem;
Quite flat, Magazines and Newspapers;
Ah, what shall I do? make a trial of *steam*,
In order to banish the *vapours*?

Shall I swallow my dinner? I can't—shall I sleep?
Then I don't get away from *myself!*
Shall I think what a beau I have *once* been, and weep
Like a belle, that is laid on the shelf?
Shall I write? shall I read? ah, yes, that will do,
But an old book is terrible stuff:
Boy, get the new novel, stop, *reading's* so new,
That a *book* will be *novel* enough!

M.L.B.

* * * * *

ANCIENT HISTORY OF DRURY LANE.

(*For the Mirror.*)

The reader will most probably exclaim, "Ancient History of Drury Lane! What a farce!" A dirty lane filled with all complexions of hawkers and pedlars, licensed and unlicensed!—true incurious reader, Gay has sung

"Of Drury's mazy courts and dark abodes;"

yet the topographical and theatrical loiterer may call to mind many *pleasing* reminiscences, although mingled with *unpleasing ones*:

"Who has not here a watch or snuff-box lost,
Or handkerchiefs that India's shuttle boast."

GAY.

Stowe says, "Drury Lane, so called, for that there is a house belonging to the family of the Druries.[1] This lane turneth north towards S. Giles in the field. From the south end of this lane in the high street, are divers faire buildings, hostelries, and houses for gentlemen, and men of honor, &c."

[1] Dr. Donne resided in a house of Sir R. Drury. Vide *Life* by honest Izaak Walton.

Nightingale tells us, "The west end of Wych Street was formerly ornamented by Drury House, built by Sir William Drury, an able commander in the Irish wars, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and who unfortunately fell in a duel with Sir John Burroughs, through a foolish quarrel about precedence. During the time of the fatal discontents of Elizabeth's favourite, the Earl of Essex, it was the place where his imprudent advisers resolved on such counsels, as terminated in the destruction of him and his adherents. In the next century it was possessed by the heroic Earl of Craven, who rebuilt it. It was lately a large brick pile, concealed by other buildings and was a public-house, bearing the sign of the Queen of Bohemia's Head, the earl's admired mistress, whose battles he fought animated by love and duty. When he could aspire to her hand, he is supposed to have succeeded, and it is said, that they were privately married;

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and that he built for her the fine seat at Hampstead Marshal, in the county of Berks, afterwards destroyed by fire. The services rendered by the earl to London, his native city, in particular, were exemplary. He was so indefatigable in preventing the ravages of the frequent fires of those days, that it was said his very horse smelt it out. He and Monk, Duke of Albemarle,[2] heroically staid in town during the dreadful pestilence, and at the hazard of their lives preserved order in the midst of the terror of the times." The house was taken down, and the ground purchased by Mr. Philip Astley, who built there the Olympic Pavilion. In Craven Buildings there was formerly a very good portrait of the Earl of Craven in armour, with a truncheon in his hand, and mounted on his white horse. The Theatre Royal in this street, originated on the Restoration. "The king made a grant of a patent (says Pennant) for acting in what was then called the Cockpit, and the Phoenix, the actors were the king's servants, were on the establishment, and ten of them were called gentlemen of the Great Chamber, and had ten yards of scarlet cloth allowed them, with a suitable quantity of lace."

[2] He married a daughter of one of the Fine Barber-women of Drury Lane.

There is a curious specimen of ancient architecture at the sign of the Cock and Magpie public-house, facing Craven Buildings. Smith, in his *London*, says, "The late Mr. Thomas Batrich, barber, of Drury Lane, (who died in 1815, aged 85 years,) informed me that Theophilus Cibber was the author of many of the prize-fighting bills, and that he frequently attended and encouraged his favourites. It may be here observed, that Drury Lane had seldom less than seven fights on a Sunday morning, all going on at the same time on distinct spots." At present, the fights are between the apple-women and the dogberries, respecting the *legal tenure of stalls*:

"Bess Hoy first found it troublesome to bawl,
And therefore plac'd her cherries on a *stall*."

KING.

Drury Lane will always be interesting to the theatrical loiterer, from the number of *stars* that have *irradiated* from its *horizon*. If the wise Solon had lived in our times, he would no doubt have felt a local attachment to this neighbourhood; for he frequented plays even in the decline of life. And Plutarch informs us, he thought plays useful to polish the manners, and instil the principles of virtue.

P.T.W.

* * * * *



SOLUTION OF THE ENIGMATICAL EPITAPH,

(See Mirror, vol. xiv. page 214.)

O! Superbe! Mors superte! Cur Superbis?
Deus supernos! negat superbis vitam supernam.
Proud man know this! then wherefore art thou proud?
This awful doom—terrific cries aloud—
Death lifts his arm! with unrelenting dart,
Ready to pierce thy lofty-tow'ring heart.
Why then persist? The Almighty hath denied
Eternal life to all the slaves of Pride!

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The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF
NEW WORKS.

THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT AND JUVENILE SOUVENIR FOR 1830.

Edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts.

The association of the line—

In wit a man, simplicity a child—

is so happy as to be applicable to the Poet of all Nature. It expresses as much, if not more merit, than any single line often quoted, and its frequent repetition has probably induced us to consider the latter half—"simplicity a child"—as the peculiar talent of writing for young people, aimed at by many, yet accomplished by so few. What is it that so delights the young reader—we may say ourselves—in Robinson Crusoe[3]—the Shakspeare of the play-ground—but *simplicity*; and where, among the thousands of nursery books that have since been written, can we find its match? In childhood, youth, manhood, and old age, this is the great charm of life; and even the vitiated appetite is not unfrequently coaxed into amendment by its very delightful character when contrasted with coarser enjoyments. Metaphysicians deal out this fact to the world over and over again, and all the philosophy of Locke, Newton, and Bacon would be of little worth without it.

[3] A few weeks since we gave a copy of Robinson Crusoe to a young man, "whose education had been neglected," and who had never read this delightful book: the account of his delight from its perusal has more than recompensed us tenfold.

But this is too philosophical a strain for noticing a child's book—a little volume that is among books what a child is in human nature—"man in a small letter;" and such is Mrs. Watt's "New Year's Gift." To express all the kindly feelings which it must produce in a mind occupied as ours often is with graver matters—would be only to repeat what we said a fortnight since; and so without further premise, we will open this little casket of gems for the reader. We shall not string names together, but take a few of them. First, the "Sisters of Scio," a true story, by the author of "Constantinople in 1828," of two little Greek girls being saved from the Turks, by a good Christian. Next is "The Recall," by Mrs. Hemans:—



Music is sorrowful
Since thou wert gone;
Sisters are mourning thee—
Come to thine own
Hark! the home voices call,
Back to thy rest!
Come to thy father's hall,
Thy mother's breast!
O'er the far blue mountains,
O'er the white sea-foam,
Come, thou long parted one!
Back to thy home!

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—How appropriate is the story and its sequel; nay, almost as good as two of Mr. Farley's pantomime scenes at Christmas. "The Miller's Daughter," a tale of the French Revolution, which follows, is hardly so fit: even the mention of Robespierre and the Reign of Terror chills one's blood. "The Sights of London," is a string of "City Scenes" in verse; and "May Maxwell," and "The Broken Pitcher," are pretty ballads, by the Howitts. We are not half through the book, and can only mention "the Young Governess," a school story—"the Birds and the Beggar of Bagdad," a fairy tale—"Lady Lucy's Petition," an historiette—"the Restless Boy," by Mrs. Opie, and the "Passionate Little Girl," by Mrs. Hofland—all sparkling trifles in prose. Among the poetry is "the African Mier-Vark," or Ant-eater, by Mr. Pringle, and "the Deadly Nightshade," a sweetly touching ballad, dated from Florence; "the Vulture of the Alps" is of similar character; and we are much pleased with some lines on Birds, by Barry Cornwall, one set of which we copy, the best prose papers being too long for extract:

TO A WOUNDED SINGING BIRD.

Poor singer! hath the fowler's gun,
Or the sharp winter, done thee harm?
We'll lay thee gently in the sun,
And breathe on thee, and keep thee warm;
Perhaps some human kindness still
May make amends for human ill.

We'll take thee in, and nurse thee well,
And save thee from the winter wild,
Till summer fall on field and fell,
And thou shalt be our feathered child,
And tell us all thy pain and wrong
When thou again canst speak in song.

Fear not, nor tremble, little bird,—
We'll use thee kindly now,
And sure there's in a friendly word
An accent even *thou* shouldst know;
For kindness which the heart doth teach,
Disdaineth all peculiar speech.

'Tis common to the bird, and brute,
To fallen man, to angel bright,
And sweeter 'tis than lonely lute
Heard in the air at night—
Divine and universal tongue,
Whether by bird or spirit sung!



But hark! is that a sound we hear
Come chirping from its throat,—
Faint—short—but weak, and very clear,
And like a little grateful note?
Another? ha—look where it lies,
It shivers—gasps—is still,—it dies!

'Tis dead,—'tis dead! and all our care
Is useless. Now, in vain
The mother's woe doth pierce the air,
Calling her nestling bird again!
All's vain:—the singer's heart is cold,
Its eye is dim,—its fortune told!

A versification of a story in Mrs. Barbauld's "Evenings at home," by Sneyd Edgeworth, Esq. deserves favourable mention; even the names will tempt the reader.

There are eleven plates; the frontispiece, "*Little Flora*," from Boaden, and engraved by Edwards, is a sweet production; and the figures in "*the Broken Pitcher*," from Gainsborough,[A] are well executed by H. Robinson. To conclude, we cordially recommend this little volume to such purchasers as wish to combine simplicity with talent, and the several beauties of picture and print in their "New Year's Gift," for 1830.

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[4] We should like to see a volume of poems written by Wordsworth, and illustrated by Gainsborough. How delightfully too would a few of the poet's lines glib off in a Juvenile Annual.

* * * * *

EDIE OCHILTREE.

From the New Edition of "The Antiquary."

Of the "blue gowns," or king's bedesmen, from whom the character of Edie Ochiltree was drawn, after giving an account from Martin's "Reliquiae Divi Sancti Andrae," of an order of beggars in Scotland, supposed to have descended from the ancient bards, and existing in Scotland in the seventeenth century, but now extinct, Sir Walter Scott says:

"The old remembered beggar, even in my own time, like the Baccoch, or travelling cripple of Ireland, was expected to merit his quarters by something beyond an exposition of his distresses. He was often a talkative, facetious fellow, prompt at repartee, and not withheld from exercising his powers that way by any respect of persons, his patched cloak giving him the privilege of the ancient jester. To be a *gude crack*, that is, to possess talents for conversation, was essential to the trade of a 'puir body' of the more esteemed class; and Burns, who delighted in the amusement their discourse afforded, seems to have looked forward with gloomy firmness to the possibility of himself becoming one day or other a member of their itinerant society. In his poetical works, it is alluded to so often, as perhaps to indicate that he considered the consummation as not utterly impossible. Thus, in the fine dedication of his works to Gavin Hamilton, he says—

"And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg."

Again, in his Epistle to Davie, a brother poet, he states, that in their closing career—

"The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only just to beg."

And after having remarked, that

"To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are crazed and blude is thin,
Is doubtless great distress;"

the bard reckons up, with true poetical spirit, the free enjoyment of the beauties of nature, which might counterbalance the hardship and uncertainty of the life even of a mendicant. In one of his prose letters, to which I have lost the reference, he details this idea yet more seriously, and dwells upon it, as not ill adapted to his habits and powers.

“As the life of a Scottish mendicant of the eighteenth century, seems to have been contemplated without much horror by Robert Burns, the author can hardly have erred in giving to Edie Ochiltree something of poetical character and personal dignity, above the more abject of his miserable calling. The class had, in fact, some privileges. A lodging, such as it was, was readily granted to them in some

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of the outhouses, and the usual *awmous* (alms) of a handful of meal (called a *gowpen*) was scarce denied by the poorest cottager. The mendicant disposed of these, according to their different quality, in various bags around his person, and thus carried about with him the principal part of his sustenance, which he literally received for the asking. At the houses of the gentry, his cheer was mended by scraps of broken meat, and perhaps a Scottish 'twal-penny,' or English penny, which was expended in snuff or whisky. In fact, these indolent peripatetics suffered much less real hardship and want of food, than the poor peasants from whom they received alms.

"If, in addition to his personal qualifications, the mendicant chanced to be a King's Bedesman, or Blue Gown, he belonged, in virtue thereof, to the aristocracy of his order, and was esteemed a person of great importance."

An extract then follows from an account of payments to "Blew Gownis," by Sir Robert Melvill, of Murdocarney, treasurer-depute of King James VI., furnished to the author of "Waverley," by an officer of the Register House; after which Sir Walter proceeds as follows:—

"I have only to add, that although the institution of King's Bedesmen still subsists, they are now seldom to be seen in the streets of Edinburgh, of which their peculiar dress made them rather a characteristic feature.

"Having thus given an account of the genus and species to which Edie Ochiltree appertains, the author may add, that the individual he had in his eye was Andrew Gemmells, an old mendicant of the character described, who was many years since well known, and must still be remembered, in the vales of Gala, Tweed, Ettrick, Yarrow, and the adjoining country.

"The author has in his youth repeatedly seen and conversed with Andrew, but cannot recollect whether he held the rank of Blue Gown. He was a remarkably fine old figure, very tall, and maintaining a soldier-like, or military manner and address. His features were intelligent, with a powerful expression of sarcasm. His motions were always so graceful, that he might almost have been suspected of having studied them; for he might, on any occasion, have served as a model for an artist, so remarkably striking were his ordinary attitudes. Andrew Gemmells had little of the cant of his calling; his wants were food and shelter, or a trifle of money, which he always claimed, and seemed to receive, as his due. He sang a good song, told a good story, and could crack a severe jest with all the acumen of Shakspeare's jesters, though without using, like them, the cloak of insanity. It was some fear of Andrew's satire, as much as a feeling of kindness or charity, which secured him the general good reception which he enjoyed every where. In fact, a jest of Andrew Gemmells, especially at the expense of a person of consequence, flew round the circle which he frequented, as surely as the bon-mot of

a man of established character for wit glides through the fashionable world. Many of his good things are held in remembrance, but are generally too local and personal to be introduced here.

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“Andrew had a character peculiar to himself among his tribe, for aught I ever heard. He was ready and willing to play at cards or dice with any one who desired such amusement. This was more in the character of the Irish itinerant gambler, called in that country a *carrow*, than of the Scottish beggar. But the late Reverend Doctor Robert Douglas, minister of Galashiels, assured the author, that the last time he saw Andrew Gemmells, he was engaged in a game at brag with a gentleman of fortune, distinction, and birth. To preserve the due gradations of rank, the party was made at an open window of the chateau, the laird sitting on his chair in the inside, the beggar on a stool in the yard; and they played on the window-sill. The stake was a considerable parcel of silver. The author expressing some surprise, Dr. Douglas observed, that the laird was no doubt a humorist or original; but that many decent persons in those times would, like him, have thought there was nothing extraordinary in passing an hour, either in card-playing or conversation, with Andrew Gemmells.

“This singular mendicant had generally, or was supposed to have, as much money about his person, as would have been thought the value of his life among modern footpads. On one occasion, a country gentleman, generally esteemed a very narrow man, happening to meet Andrew, expressed great regret that he had no silver in his pocket, or he would have given him sixpence:—‘I can give you change for a note laird,’ replied Andrew.

“Like most who have arisen to the head of their profession, the modern degradation which mendicity has undergone was often the subject of Andrew’s lamentations. As a trade, he said, it was forty pounds a year worse since he had first practised it. On another occasion he observed, begging was in modern times scarcely the profession of a gentleman, and that if he had twenty sons, he would not easily be induced to breed one of them up in his own line. When or where this *laudator temporis acti* closed his wanderings, the author never heard with certainty; but most probably, as Burns says—

“——he died a cadger-powny’s death
At some dike side.”

“The author may add another picture of the same kind as Edie Ochiltree and Andrew Gemmells; considering these illustrations as a sort of gallery, open to the reception of any thing which may elucidate former manners, or amuse the reader.

“The author’s contemporaries at the university of Edinburgh will probably remember the thin wasted form of a venerable old Bedesman, who stood by the Potter-row Port, now demolished; and, without speaking a syllable, gently inclined his head, and offered his hat, but with the least possible Degree of urgency, towards each individual who passed. This man gained, by silence and the extenuated and wasted appearance of a palmer from a remote country, the same tribute which was yielded to Andrew Gemmells’s sarcastic

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humour and stately deportment. He was understood to be able to maintain a son a student in the theological classics of the University, at the gate of which the father was a mendicant. The young man was modest and inclined to learning, so that a student of the same age, and whose parents were rather of the lower order, moved by seeing him excluded from the society of other scholars when the secret of his birth was suspected, endeavoured to console him by offering him some occasional civilities. The old mendicant was grateful for this attention to his son, and one day, as the friendly student passed, he stooped forward more than usual, as if to intercept his passage. The scholar drew out a halfpenny, which he concluded was the beggar's object, when he was surprised to receive his thanks for the kindness he had shown to Jemmie, and at the same time a cordial invitation to dine with them next Sunday, 'on a shoulder of mutton and potatoes,' adding, 'ye'll put on your clean sark, as I have company.' The student was strongly tempted to accept of this hospitable proposal, as many in his place would probably have done; but as the motive might have been capable of misrepresentation, he thought it most prudent, considering the character and circumstances of the old man, to decline the invitation.

"Such are a few traits of Scottish mendicity, designed to throw light on a novel in which a character of that description plays a prominent part. We conclude, that we have vindicated Edie Ochiltree's right to the importance assigned him; and have shown, that we have known one beggar take a hand at cards with a person of distinction, and another give dinner parties."

The curious reader who is anxious to pursue the character still further, will be gratified with "a few particulars with which his biographer appears to be unacquainted,"—by a Correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*, No. 664.

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UNLUCKY TEXT.

Poor Dr. Sheridan, in an unguarded moment, but in as guiltless a spirit as characterized the Vicar of Wakefield, chose for his text, upon the anniversary of the succession of the House of Hanover, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Although the sermon did not contain a single political allusion that could have caused uneasiness, or should have given offence, yet it was recorded in judgment against him, and obstructed his preferment ever after.—*Southey's Colloquies*.

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The Naturalist.

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THE AMERICAN ALOE.

[Illustration]

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An American Aloe (*Agave Americana*) is one of the most superb exhibitions in the whole vegetable kingdom. The plant, when vigorous, rises upwards of twenty feet high, and branches out on every side, forming a kind of pyramid, of greenish yellow flowers, in thick clusters at every joint. We often meet with the aloe in our conservatories, and it has been known to flourish in the open air. A Correspondent of the *Gardener's Magazine*, writing from Gwrich Castle, Abergelay, Denbighshire, tells us that "about eight years back he pulled down one of his hot-houses, in which stood a large American Aloe, known to be 68 years of age. It was in a box about two feet square, and the plant was so large that he determined not to put it in the new house then building; it was, in consequence, placed alongside the south wall in the corner (not expecting it to live,) where it has been ever since, never having been watered in summer, nor matted nor attended to in winter, and it is now as vigorous and as healthy (if not more so) than before. The box was not buried in the ground, and is now falling to pieces. The garden is about 100 yards from the sea."

It is no fable that the Aloe grows about a hundred years (a few more or less) before it blooms; and, after yielding its seed, the stem withers and dies. If we remember right, a beautiful specimen in full bloom, was exhibited three or four years since at the Argyll Rooms, in Regent Street.

It may be as well to mention that the sharp-pointed leaves have been known to inflict serious injury. In the *Lancet*, No. 313, vol. ii., a case is recorded of a young gardener, who whilst watering some plants in a gentleman's garden, at Camberwell, accidentally struck his hand against an aloe plant, one of the prickles of which passed into the last joint of his lefthand little finger; he regarded the circumstance at the time as but of trifling consequence, on account of its causing him but slight inconvenience; neither were the effects worth notice until two days after the accident, when the part put on a white appearance, and the finger became very stiff, swollen, and painful; these symptoms increased, and by the following morning the whole hand and arm, as far as the elbow, had attained an exceedingly large size. After suffering about two months, the poor fellow was removed into St. Thomas's Hospital, where the diseased arm was amputated by Mr. Travers, and the patient soon recovered his accustomed good health.

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MOLES.

In those districts where moles abound, it may be remarked that some of the mole-hills are considerably larger than others. When a hill of enlarged dimensions is thus discovered, we may be almost certain of finding the nest, or den of the mole near it, by digging to a sufficient depth. The fur of the mole is admirably adapted from its softness and short close texture for defending the animal from subterraneous damp, which is always injurious, more or less to non-amphibious animals; and in this climate, no choice



of situation could entirely guard against it. It is a singular fact that there are no moles in Ireland. May not the dampness of the climate account for their not thriving there?—
Edinburgh Lit. Gaz.

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CHANGES IN ANIMALS.

All domestic mammiferous animals introduced into America have become more numerous than the indigenous animals. The hog multiplies very rapidly, and assumes much of the character of the wild boar. Cows did not at first thrive, but, in St. Domingo, only twenty-seven years after its first discovery, 4,000 in a herd was not uncommon, and some herds of 8,000 are mentioned. In 1587, this island exported 35,444 hides, and New Grenada 64,350. Cows never thrive nor multiply where salt is wanting either in the plants or in the water. They give less milk in America, and do not give milk at all if the calves be taken from them. Among horses the colts have all the amble, as those in Europe have the trot: this is probably a hereditary effect. Bright chestnut is the prevailing colour among the wild horses. The lambs which are not from *merinos*, but the *tana basta* and *burda* of the Spaniards, at first are covered with wool, and when this is timely shorn, it grows again; if the proper time is allowed to elapse, the wool falls off, and is succeeded by short, shining, close hair, like that of the goat in the same climate. Every animal, it would appear, like man, requires time to accustom itself to climate.

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THE GREAT AMERICAN BITTERN.

A most interesting and remarkable circumstance we learn from the *Magazine of Natural History*, attends the great American Bittern; it is that it has the power of emitting a light from its breast equal to the light of a common torch, which illuminates the water so as to enable it to discover its prey. As this circumstance is not mentioned by any naturalist, the correspondent of the journal in question, took every precaution to determine, as he has done, the truth of it.

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Notes of a Reader.

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BRITISH SEA SONGS.

One of our earliest naval ballads is derived from the Pepys Collection, and is supposed to have been written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It records the events of a sea-fight in the reign of Henry the Eighth, between Lord Howard and Sir Andrew Barton, a Scotch pirate; and it is rendered curious by the picture it presents of naval engagements in

those days, and by a singular fact which transpires in the course of the details; namely, that the then maritime force of England consisted of only *two ships of war*. In Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," there is another old marine ballad, called the "Winning of *Cales*," a name which our sailors had given to Cadiz. This affair took place in June, 1596; but the description of it in the old song presents nothing peculiar, or

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worthy of attention as regards naval manners. From this period, I cannot at present call to mind any sea song of importance till Gay's "Black-eyed Susan," which, you know, has maintained its popularity to the present hour, and which deserves to have done so, no less on account of the beauty of the verses, than of the pathetic air in the minor to which they are set. This was, at no great length of time, succeeded by Stevens's "Storm," a song which, I believe you will all allow, stands deservedly at the head of the lyrics of the deep. The words are nautically correct, the music is of a manly and original character, and the subject-matter is one of the most interesting of the many striking incidents common to sea-life. These fine ballads, if I mistake not, were succeeded by one or two popular songs, with music by Dr. Arne; then came those of Dibdin, which were in their turn followed by a host of compositions, distinguished more by the strenuous, robust character of the music, than by poetical excellence, or professional accuracy in the words. The songs in which the words happened to be vigorous and true—(such, for example, as Cowper's noble ballad called the "Castaway," and the "Loss of the Royal George,") were not set to music; but the powers of Shield, Davy, and others, were wasted on verses unworthy of their compositions. Among these, the foremost in excellence is the "Arethusa," a composition on which the singing of Incledon, and the bold, reckless, original John-Bull-like character of the air by Shield, or ascribed to him, have fixed a high reputation. Davy's "Bay of Biscay," deserves its popularity; and the "Sailor Boy," "The Old Commodore," and one or two other melodies by Reeve, (who, though not much of a musician, was an admirable melodist,) abound also in the qualities which I have already alluded to, as peculiar to the national music adapted to sea songs.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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MAKING A BOOK.

Lady Morgan gives the following process by which her "Book of the Boudoir" was manufactured: "While the fourth volume of the O'Briens," says her ladyship, "was going through the press, Mr. Colburn was sufficiently pleased with the subscription (as it is called in the trade) to the first edition, to desire a new work from the author. I was just setting off for Ireland, the horses *literally* putting to, [how curious!] when Mr. Colburn arrived with his flattering proposition. [How *apropos*!] I could not enter into any future engagement; [how awkward!] and Mr. Colburn taking up a scrabby MS. volume which the servant was about to thrust into the pocket of the carriage, asked, 'What was that?' [How touchingly simple!] I said it was 'one of many volumes of odds and ends *de omnibus rebus*;' and I read him the last entry I had made the night before, on my return from the opera. [How very obliging, considering that the horses were *literally* put to!] 'This is the very thing!' said the 'European publisher;' [how charming! and yet how droll!]

and if the public is of the same opinion, I shall have nothing to regret in thus coming, though somewhat in *dishabille*, before its tribunal."

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Blackwood's Magazine.

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APPARITIONS.

Dr. Southey's opinion on apparitions deserves to be carried to the controversial account of this ever-interesting question:—"My serious belief amounts to this, that preternatural impressions are sometimes communicated to us for wise purposes; and that departed spirits are sometimes permitted to manifest themselves."—*Colloquies.*

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THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

The system of servitude, which prevailed in the earlier periods of our history was not of that unmitigated character that may be supposed. "No man in those days could prey upon society, unless he were at war with it as an outlaw—a proclaimed and open enemy. Rude as the laws were, the purposes of law had not then been perverted;—it had not been made a craft;—it served to deter men from committing crimes, or to punish them for the commission;—never to shield notorious, acknowledged, impudent guilt, from condign punishment. And in the fabric of society, imperfect as it was, the outline and rudiments of what it ought to be were distinctly marked in some main parts, where they are now wellnigh utterly effaced. Every person had his place. There was a system of superintendence everywhere, civil as well as religious. They who were born in villainage, were born to an inheritance of labour, but not of inevitable depravity and wretchedness. If one class were regarded in some respects as cattle, they were at least taken care of; they were trained, fed, sheltered, and protected; and there was an eye upon them when they strayed. None were wild, unless they were wild wilfully, and in defiance of control. None were beneath the notice of the priest, nor placed out of the possible reach of his instruction and his care. But how large a part of your population are, like the dogs of Lisbon and Constantinople, unowned, unbroken to any useful purpose, subsisting by chance or by prey; living in filth, mischief, and wretchedness; a nuisance to the community while they live, and dying miserably at last!"—*Ibid.*

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THE STEAM BOAT ILLUSTRATED.

By one of "the Islington, Gray's Inn Lane, and New Road Grand Literary, Scientific, and Philosophical Institution.



How wondrous is the science of mechanism! how variegated its progeny, how simple, yet how compound! I am propelled to the consideration of this subject by having optically perceived that ingenious nautical instrument, which has just now flown along like a mammoth, that monster of the deep! You ask me how are steam-boats propagated? in other words, how is such an infinite and immovable body inveigled along its course? I will explain it to you. It is

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by the power of friction; that is to say, the two wheels, or paddles turning diametrically, or at the same moment, on their axioms, and repressing by the rotundity of their motion the action of the menstruum in which the machine floats,—water being, in a philosophical sense, a powerful non-conductor,—it is clear, that in proportion as is the revulsion so is the progression; and as is the centrifugal force, so is the—.”

“Pooh!” cried Uncle John, “let us have some music.”

New Monthly Magazine.

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LAWS FOR THE POOR.

Every civilized state in the world, except Ireland, has prevented the extortion of the landlords, by institutions, either springing from the nature of society, or established by positive legal enactments.

In Austria, great exertions are made for the poor.—Vide “Reisbeck’s Travels through Germany,” p. 79; and “Este’s Journey,” p. 337.

In Bavaria, there are laws obliging each community to maintain its own poor.—Vide “Count Rumford’s Establishment of Poor in Bavaria,” chap. 1.

In Protestant Germany they are even better provided for.—Vide “Henderson’s Tour in Germany,” p. 74.

In Russia, the aged and infirm are provided with food and raiment by law, at the expense of the owner of the estate.—“Clarke’s Travels in Russia.” For others who may want, there is a college of provision in each government.—“Took’s Russian Empire,” vol. ii. p. 181.

In Livonia and Poland, the lord is bound by law to provide for the serf.—Vide “Bavarian Transactions,” vol. iii.

In Northern Italy and Sicily, the crop is equally divided between landlord and tenant.—Vide “Sismondi’s Italy.” And the revenues of the church support the poor.

In imperial France, though the land had been divided by an Agrarian law, and cultivated, yet the Octroi, with other revenues, were devoted to the poor.

In Hungary, though feudal slavery gives an interest to the lord of the soil in the life of his serf, yet the law insists upon the provision of food, raiment and shelter. In Switzerland, though the Agrarian law is in force, and the governments purchase corn to keep down the retail prices, yet there is a provision for the poor.—Vide “Sismondi’s Switzerland,” vol. 1. p. 452. In Norway there is a provision for the poor.—Clarke’s “Scandinavia,” p. 637.

In Sweden, the most moral country in the world, the poor are maintained in the same manner as in England; a portion of the parochial assessment is devoted by law to education.—James’s “Tour through Sweden,” p. 105.

In Flanders there are permanent funds, &c. for the sustentation of the poor. Vide Radcliff’s “Report on the Agriculture of Flanders.” And there are in the Netherlands seven great workhouses.

The Dutch poor laws do not differ much from our own.—Vide Macfarlan’s “Inquiries concerning the Poor,” p. 218.

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Even in Iceland, there is a provision for the poor.—Vide Han's "Iceland." Also in Denmark.—Vide p. 292, Jacob's "Tracts on the Corn Laws." In America there are poor laws.—Vide Dr. Dwight's "Travels," vol. iv. p. 326. In Scotland the English system is rapidly extending; and where the poor laws are not introduced, there are a great many of the miseries which are found in Ireland.—Vide "Evidence of A. Nimmo, Esq. before the Lords' Committee on Ireland, 1824." This gentleman thinks, that if they had been earlier introduced, Scotland would be now a richer country. He also states, that the average expense of supporting idle mendicants in Ireland, exceeds one million and a half annually, by the contribution of more than a ton of potatoes from each farm house, to encourage a system of licentious idleness, profligacy, insolence, and plunder; and the grand jury presentments amount annually to a million.—*Monthly Mag.*

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In Turkey, nailing by the ears is an operation performed on bakers, for selling light bread. There is a hole cut in the door for the back of the culprit's head; the ears are then nailed to the panel; he is left in this position till sunset, then released; and seldom sustains any permanent injury from the punishment, except in his reputation. Perjury is an offence which is so little thought of, that it is visited with the mildest of all their punishments. The offender is set upon an ass, with his face to the tail, and a label on his back, with the term *scheat* or perjurer. In this way he is led about to the great amusement of the multitude, and even of his associates.

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SCHOOL DAYS.

Linnaeus long retained an unpleasant recollection of his school days;[5] it is common to call this period of human life, a happy one, but that existence must have been very wretched, of which, the time passed at school has been the happiest part; it is sufficiently apparent even to superficial observers that the mind cannot, in early life, be sufficiently matured for high enjoyment; the most exquisite of our pleasures, are intellectual, and cannot be relished until the mental faculties have been cultivated and expanded.—*Clayton's Sketches in Biography.*

[5] He was sent at the age of ten years to a school at Wexin, the master of which was so severe as entirely to destroy his spirits, and repress the early indications of his extraordinary talents.

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SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LANDAULET!

I dined one day at a bachelor's dinner in Lincoln's Inn-fields, and my wife having no engagement that evening, I gave my coachman a half holiday, and when he had set me down, desired him to put up his horses, as I should return home in a jarvey. At eleven, my conveyance arrived; the steps were let down, and, when down, they slanted under the body of the carriage; my foot slipped from the lowest step, and I grazed my shin against the second; but at last I surmounted the difficulty, and seating myself, sank back upon the musty, fusty, ill-savoured squabs of the jarvey.

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I was about to undertake a very formidable journey; I lived in the Regent's Park; and as the horses that now drew me had been worked hard during the day, it seemed probable that some hours would elapse before I could reach my own door. Off they went, however; the coachman urged them on with whip and tongue: the body of the jarvey swung to and fro; the glasses shook and clattered; the straw on the floor felt damp, and rain water oozed through the roof, (for it was a landaulet). I felt chilled, and drew up the front window, at least I drew up the frame; but as it contained no glass, I was not the warmer for my pains; so I wrapped my cloak around me, and rather sulkily sank into a reverie. The vehicle still continued to rumble, and rattle, and shake, and squeak; I fell into a doze, caused by some fatigue and much claret, and gradually these sounds seemed to soften into a voice! I distinguished intelligible accents! I listened attentively to the low murmurs, and distinctly I heard, and treasured in my memory, what appeared to me to be the "Lament of the Landaulet!"

The poor *body* seemed to sigh, and the wheels became *spokesmen*!

"I am about fifteen years of age," (thus squeaked my equipage); "I was born in Long Acre, the birthplace of the aristocracy of my race, and Messrs. Houlditch were my parents.

"No four-wheeled carriage could possibly have entered upon life with brighter prospects; it is, alas! my hard lot to detail the vicissitudes that rendered me what I am.

"I was ordered by an earl, who was on the point of marriage with an heiress, and I was fitted up in the most expensive style. My complexion was pale yellow; on my sides I had coronets and supporters; my inside was soft and comfortable; my rumble behind was satisfactory; and my dicky was perfection, and provided with a hammercloth. My boots were capacious, my pockets were ample, and my leathers in good condition.

"When I stood at the earl's door on the morning of his marriage, it was admitted by all who beheld me, that a neater *turn-out* had never left Long Acre. Lightly did my noble possessor press my cushions, as I wafted him to St. George's Church, Hanover Square; and when the ceremony was over, and the happy pair sat side by side within me, the earl kissed the lips of his countess, and I felt proud, not of the rank and wealth of my contents, but because they were contented and happy.

"Oh, how merrily my wheels whirled in those days! I bore my possessors to their country-seat; I flew about the county returning wedding visits; I went to races, with sandwiches and champagne in my pockets; and I spent many a long night in the inn-yard, while my lord and lady were presiding at county assemblies.

"Mine was a life of sunshine and smiles. But ladies are capricious: the countess suddenly discovered that I was heavy. Now, if she wished me to be light-headed, why did she order a landaulet? She declared, too, that I was unfit for town service; gave

new orders to Houlditch; took possession of a chariot fashioned eight months later than myself; sent me to Long Acre to be disposed of, and I became a secondhand article!

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“My humiliation happened at an unlucky moment, for continual racketing in the country had quite unhinged me; I required bracing, and had quite lost my colour. My paternal relation, however, (Houlditch), undertook my repair, and I was very soon exhibited painted green, and ticketed, ‘For sale secondhand.’

“It was now the month of May, when all persons of the smallest fashionable pretensions shun their country abodes and come to London, that they may escape the first fragrance of the flowers, the first song of the birds, the budding beauty of the forests and the fresh verdure of the fields. I therefore felt (as young unmarried ladies feel at the commencement of the season) that there was every chance of my finding a lord and master, and becoming a prominent ornament of his establishment.

“After standing for a month at Houlditch’s, (who, by the by, was not over-civil to his own child, but made a great favour of giving me house-room), I one day found myself scrutinized by a gentleman of very fashionable appearance. He was in immediate want of a carriage; I was, fortunately, exactly the sort of carriage he required, and in a quarter of an hour the transfer was arranged.

“The gentleman was on the point of running away with a young lady; *he* was attached to *her*, four horses were attached to *me*, and I was in waiting at the corner of Grosvenor Street at midnight. I thought myself a fortunate vehicle; I anticipated another marriage, another matrimonial trip, another honeymoon. Alas! my present trip was not calculated to add to my respectability. My owner, who was a military man, was at his post at the appointed time: he seemed hurried and agitated; frequently looked at his watch; paced rapidly before one of the houses, and continually looked towards the drawing-room windows. At length a light appeared, the window was opened, and a female, muffled in a cloak and veil, stood on the balcony; she leaned anxiously forward; he spoke, and without replying she re-entered the room. The street-door opened, and a brisk little waiting-maid came out with some bundles, which she deposited in the carriage: the captain (for such was his rank) had entered the hall, and he now returned, bearing in his arms a fainting, weeping woman; he placed her by his side in the carriage: my rumble was instantly occupied by the waiting-maid and my master’s man, and we drove off rapidly towards Brighton.

“The captain was a man of fashion; handsome, insinuating, profligate, and unfeeling. The lady—it is painful to speak of her: what she *had* been, she could never more be; and what she then was, she herself had yet to learn. She had been the darling pet daughter of a rich old man; and a dissipated nobleman had married her for her money when she was only sixteen. She had been accustomed to have every wish gratified by her doting parent; she now found herself neglected and insulted by her husband. Her father could not bear to see his darling’s once-smiling face grow pale and sad, and he died two years after her marriage. She plunged into the whirlpool of dissipation, and tasted the rank poisons which are so often sought as the remedies for a sad heart.

From folly she ran to imprudence; from imprudence to guilt;—and was the runaway wife happier than she who once suffered unmerited ill-usage at home? Time will show.

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“At Brighton, my wheels rattled along the cliffs as briskly and as loudly as the noblest equipage there; but no female turned a glance of recognition towards my windows, and the eyes of former friends were studiously averted. I bore my lady through the streets, and I waited for her now and then at the door of the theatre; but at gates of respectability, at balls, and at assemblies, I, alas! was never ‘called,’ and never ‘stopped the way.’ Like a disabled soldier, I ceased to bear *arms*, and I was *crest-fallen*!

“This could not last: my mistress could little brook contempt, especially when she felt it to be deserved; her cheek lost its bloom, her eye its lustre; and when her beauty became less brilliant, she no longer possessed the only attraction which had made the captain her lover. He grew weary of her, soon took occasion to quarrel with her, and she was left without friends, without income, and without character. I was at length torn from her: it nearly broke my springs to part with her; but I was despatched to the bazaar in London, and saw no more of my lady.

(To be continued.)

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FASHIONABLE NOVELS.

It is well that hard words break no bones, else two or three gentlemen of literary notoriety would be in a sorry plight after reading the following passage in a recent *Magazine*. We stand by, and like the fellow in the play, bite our thumb:—

“Surely, surely, all men, women, and children, not cursed with the fatuity that would become a vice-president of the Phrenological Society, must by this time be about heartsick of what are called Novels of Fashionable Life. Only two men of any pretensions to superiority of talent have had part in the uproarious manufacture of this ware, that has been dinned in our ears by trumpet after trumpet, during the last six or seven years. Mr. Theodore Hook began the business—a man of such strong native sense and thorough knowledge of the world as it is, that we cannot doubt the *coxcombry* which has drawn so much derision on his *sayings* and *doings* was all, to use a phrase which he himself has brought into fashion, *humbug*. He could not cast his keen eyes over any considerable circle of society in this country, without perceiving the melancholy fact, that the British nation labours under a universal mania for gentility—all the world hurrying and bustling in the same idle chase—good honest squires and baronets, with pedigrees of a thousand years, and estates of ten thousand acres—ay, and even noble lords—yea, the noblest of the noble themselves (or at least their ladies), rendered fidgety and uncomfortable by the circumstance of their not somehow or other belonging to one particular little circle in London. Comely round-paunched parsons and squireens, again, all over the land, eating the bread of bitterness, and drinking the waters of sorrow,

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because they are, or think they are, tip the cold shoulder by these same honest squires and baronets, &c. &c. &c. who, excluded from Almack's, in their own fair turn and rural sphere enact nevertheless, with much success, the part of *exclusives*—and so downwards—down to the very verge of dirty linen. The obvious facility of practising lucratively on this prevailing folly—of raising 700_l., 1000_l., or 1500_l. per *series*, merely by cramming the mouths of the asinine with mock-majestic details of fine life—this found favour with an indolent no less than sagacious humorist; and the fatal example was set. Hence the vile and most vulgar pawings of such miserables as Messrs. Vivian Grey and “The Roue”—creatures who betray in every page, which they stuff full of Marquess and My Lady, that their own manners are as gross as they make it their boast to show their morals. Hence, some two or three pegs higher, and not more, are such very very fine scoundrels as the Pelhams, &c.; shallow, watery-brained, ill-taught, effeminate dandies—animals destitute apparently of one touch of real manhood, or of real passion—cold, systematic, deliberate debauchees, withal—seducers, God wot! and duellists, and, above all, philosophers! How could any human being be gulled by such flimsy devices as these?

“These gentry form a sort of cross between the Theodorian breed of novel and the Wardish—the extravagantly overrated—the heavy, imbecile, pointless, but still well-written, sensible, and, we may even add, not disagreeable, Tremaine and De Vere. The second of these books was a mere *rifacimento* of the first; and, fortunately for what remained of his reputation, Mr. Robert Ward has made no third attempt. He has much to answer for; *e.g.* if we were called upon to point out the most disgusting abomination to be found in the whole range of contemporary literature, we have no hesitation in saying we should feel it our duty to lay our finger on the Bolingbroke-*Balaam* of that last and worst of an insufferable charlatan's productions.”—*Devereux*.

* * * * *

BRUSSELS IN 1829.

For the education of youth of both sexes, Brussels is one of the best stations on the continent, and is a good temporary residence for Englishmen whose means are limited. The country is plentiful, and consequently every article of living moderate. It is near England, the government is mild, and there is no restraint in importing English books, though their own press is any thing but free.

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The population of Brussels is rated at nearly 100,000, of which above 20,000 are paupers, supported by the government and voluntary contributions. The population is rapidly increasing. The number of foreigners in the winter of 1828 was between seven and eight thousand, of which half the number were English. Many families settle for a season, and take their flight south, or return home in June; but the greatest number are stationary for the education of their children. An English clergyman, formerly a teacher at Harrow, has an establishment for boys, well conducted, and the expense does not exceed fifty guineas a year. There are several seminaries for girls, also superintended by Englishwomen, with French teachers. Masters in every department are excellent, so that few places afford better schools for education.

The air in the upper part of the city is salubrious, and the climate, perhaps, better on the whole than England; but the winters are sharper, and the summers hotter; fogs are less frequent, and the spring generally sets in a fortnight earlier than in any part of Great Britain.

Our countrymen will be disappointed who settle in Brussels as a place of amusement, for no capital can be more dull; and the natives are not ready of access, which is probably as much the fault of their visitors as themselves. As a station for economy, it can be highly recommended, provided no trust is put in servants, and every thing is paid for with ready money. The writer of this article resided in Brussels for a dozen years, and he knows this from experience. If an establishment, large or small, is well regulated, a saving of fifty per cent, may be made, certainly, in housekeeping, compared with London. House-rent is dearer in proportion with other articles of living, and the taxes are daily augmenting. The horse-tax is more than double that of England; and the king of the Netherlands can boast that he is the only sovereign in Europe who has a tax on female labour. William Pitt attempted a similar measure, but was mobbed by the housemaids, and abandoned it.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

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The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

* * * * *

CURIOUS DISCOVERY OF A ROBBERY.

Lysons in his "Environs of London," says, "In a room adjoining to the south-side of the saloon, in the manor-house, at Charlton, in Kent, is a chimney-piece, with a slab of black marble so finely polished, that Lord Downe is said to have seen in it a robbery

committed on Blackheath; the tradition adds, that he sent out his servants, who apprehended the thieves." Dr. Plot makes the story more marvellous, by laying the scene of the robbery at Shooter's Hill; he also says, "Thus in a chimney-piece at Beauvoir Castle, might be seen the city and cathedral of Lincoln, and in another at Wilton, the city and cathedral of Sarum."

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P.T.W.

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“VERY BAD.”

A tyro interrogating a classical wag on the labours and sufferings of Homer, was shown the Iliad, and told that it was composed under great deprivation. Pointing to the edition, he inquired, if that was all the Iliad; to which he received as answer, that that was not all the *ill he had*, as Homer was obliged to *sing it*, to procure a little bread.

* * * * *

EPIGRAM.

Young Sloeleaves vaunting he could trace
His line to Julius Caesar,
Was *gall'd* to hear a wag exclaim,
“The *Celtae*, if you please, Sir!”

Q IN THE CORNER.

* * * * *

Inscription over the Hive public-house, in Snargate Street, Dovor.

Within this Hive
We're all alive,
Good liquors make us funny,
If you are dry,
Step in and try
The flavour of our honey.

* * * * *

SOVEREIGNS AND GUINEAS,

And the reigns in which they have been coined.

First Sovereigns ...	Henry VII	... 1485
Ditto, and half ...	Henry VIII	... 1509
Ditto, ditto ...	Edward VI	... 1546



Ditto, ditto ...	Mary ... 1553
Ditto, ditto ...	Philip & Mary ... 1554
Ditto, ditto ...	Elizabeth ... 1558
Ditto, ditto ...	James I ... 1603
Ditto, ditto ...	Charles I ... 1625
Ditto, ditto ...	Commonwealth ... 1648
Ditto, ditto ...	Oliver Cromwell 1650
Guineas ...	Charles II ... 1660
5l. piece, 2l. do. Guinea and half ditto ...	James II ... 1684
Ditto, ditto ...	Will. and Mary... 1688
Ditto, ditto ...	William ... 1694
Ditto, ditto, and a quarter guinea ...	Anne ... 1702
Ditto, ditto ...	George I ... 1725
Ditto, ditto, but no quar. guineas ...	George II ... 1726
Guineas, half do. Quarter ditto, 2 guinea piece, 5 guinea ditto ...	George III ... 1760
Dble. Sovereign Sovereign, half ditto ...	George IV ... 1820

* * * * *

EPIGRAMS ON THE FEES DEMANDED FOR SEEING WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Dame Godly desired the Abbey to view,
 Admittance, one sixpence, demanded the clerk,
 Which modest request in astonishment wrapt her,
 How long will you such imposition pursue?
 Faith ma'am, as to that we are left in the dark,
 But I think, for my part, to the *end* of the *Chapter*.^[6]

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[6] The Dean and Chapter of Westminster are supposed to receive the money paid for seeing the Abbey.

* * * * *

Down with your cash, the Verger cries,
How mean'st thou this? John Bull replies,
What law protects th' extortion?
Stop, gentle friend—what's law to us?
The law's your own—so make no fuss,
The *profits* are *our* portion.

* * * * *

Poets and prophets 'mongst the ancient Romans
Were deemed the same, and this our pockets rue,
For on *this* creed is built our sacred showman's,
Who has his *poets* and his *profits* too.

* * * * *

EPITAPH IN BRENTWOOD CHURCHYARD, ESSEX.

Here lyes Isaac Greentree.

A wag passing through the churchyard, wrote as follows:—

There is a time when these green trees shall fall,
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all.

* * * * *

GALLOWAYS—WHY PARTICULAR HORSES SO CALLED.

Galloway is a county in Scotland that lies the most to the south and the nearest to Ireland. This county gives name to a particular breed of horses of a middling size, which are strong, active, hardy, and serviceable.

Tradition reports that this kind of horse sprung from some Spanish stallions, who swam on shore from some of the ships of the famous Spanish Armada wrecked on the coast.

C.K.W.



* * * * *

WARNING TO YOUNG LADIES.

Intended as an “accompaniment” to a celebrated piece of Music, by Craven.

Oh! ladies fair, tho’ smooth the air,
I send you now, I pray take care—
Lest “THE LIGHT BARK” be, after all,
Foredoom’d to perish in a *squall*!

PRINTER’S DEVIL.

* * * * *

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LIMBIRD’S EDITION OF THE

Following Novels is already Published:

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s. d.

Mackenzie's Man of Feeling	0	6
Paul and Virginia	0	6
The Castle of Otranto	0	6
Almorán and Hamet	0	6
Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia	0	6
The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne	0	6
Rasselas	0	8
The Old English Baron	0	8
Nature and Art	0	8
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield	0	10
Sicilian Romance	1	0
The Man of the World	1	0
A Simple Story	1	4
Joseph Andrews	1	6
Humphry Clinker	1	8
The Romance of the Forest	1	8
The Italian	2	0
Zeluco, by Dr. Moore	2	6
Edward, by Dr. Moore	2	6
Roderick Random	2	6
The Mysteries of Udolpho	3	6
Peregrine Pickle	4	6